

## Call Me What You Want

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1445713) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1445713>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Categories:	<a href="#">F/F</a> , <a href="#">Multi</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Kill la Kill</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Jakuzure Nonon/Matoi Ryuuko</a> , <a href="#">Kiryuuin Satsuki/Matoi Ryuuko</a> , <a href="#">Kiryuuin Satsuki/Jakuzure Nonon/Matoi Ryuuko</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Matoi Ryuuko</a> , <a href="#">Mankanshoku Mako</a> , <a href="#">Jakuzure Nonon</a> , <a href="#">Kiryuuin Satsuki</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Overuse of the word "Hella"</a> , <a href="#">Drunk Sex</a> , <a href="#">Difficulty: Hardmode</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-04-11 Updated: 2014-11-17 Words: 13,596 Chapters: 7/?

# Call Me What You Want

by [janewithwhy](#)

## Summary

Ryuko is a little shit whose joke turns into something bigger.

# Mission Statement

It takes literal months for anybody to notice.

To be completely honest, it was her one and only crowning achievement in strategy. It was so good, so deceitful, so perfectly planned that Ryuko surprised even herself when October rolled around and her carefully formulated mission was still going rather smoothly. There were a few hiccups along the way—Mako's insistence on Ryuko trying to learn how to braid her own hair every day for the past few months, for example. Nonon's quiet muttering of said braid was also an example. Having to wash the saliva out of it every morning was another.

But when late October arrives, Ryuko finds herself standing nude in her bathroom, brushing her long hair down to her waist. She grins cheekily at herself, putting up two finger guns and chuckling at her own adorableness. Her hair had always grown fast—she learned to cut it when she was younger because it became too unruly and would just grow and grow and grow, and it wasn't until the whole “hey-you're-half-life-fibers” reveal that it kind of clicked in her head. And it wasn't until Kiryuin's haircut that she got the idea.

Spending summer and most of fall growing her hair out had its clear disadvantages. The sweat that collected at the base of her neck, where her braid started, was probably the worst. Luckily summer was hot and humid and Ryuko was able to conceal the length of her hair by forcing Mako to braid it, and then later, when it was even longer, she forced Mako to French braid it. For the past two weeks she'd been forcing Mako to fishtail braid it. So far, nobody had noticed, and Mako complained only a little bit.

Ryuko went to Mako's room and plopped herself on the floor.

“When are you going to learn to do this yourself?”

Ryuko snorts. “Never, it's coming off in a few days anyway,” she says, sitting cross legged in front of Mako so that she can perform the morning ritual of carefully braiding the mass of hair so that it didn't seem too long. With the fishtail, it seemed to rest just below her shoulder blades.

“I can't believe nobody's noticed,” Mako says, finishing the braid by tying it carefully.

“The pink-haired troll-bitch has,” Ryuko mutters, swiveling to face Mako and playing with the end of her braid. Mako reaches up to sweep the red streak to the side so that she still definitely looks like Ryuko. “I might have to pummel her if she ruins it.”

“Her name is Nonon, and you like her,” Mako huffs. “If you didn't, you wouldn't be going over to play that game all the time.”

“That's only because everyone else sucks at it! Mako, let's be real, but you can't play Call of Duty. And I tried with Sanageyama but he literally just runs into the fray and screams until he gets shot. At least that a—Nonon, at least Nonon can set up a proper assist.”

Mako just rolls her eyes but smiles.

“Speaking of which I’m going over there right now, wanna come with?” Ryuko asks, pulling out her phone and texting Satsuki. Mako hums in agreement, also taking out her phone.

“Gamagoori is already there, you don’t need to text him.”

Ryuko just laughs when Mako chucks her phone at her.

# Get Off the Damn Couch

## Chapter Summary

Nonon and Ryuko ruin Satsuki's furniture, swear a lot, and are huge dweebs.

Someone's screaming bloody murder and it's giving Satsuki a headache. Every step she takes to her own living room increases the volume without increasing its clarity and when she finally rounds the corner in the hallway she barely has time to register a pillow flying at her face—which, of course, she swats away easily. The screaming has stopped abruptly and she frowns, looking towards the couch.

Ryuko is standing on top of it, one foot extended, having just kicked a pillow. She's got a headset on with a controller in her hands, her mouth agape and her eyes widened in shock. Standing on the floor, one hand raised in the air, the other looking as if it was about to throw her controller to the ground, Nonon is wearing a matching headset and the same shocked expression, staring at Satsuki.

There's gunfire coming from the television screen and somebody is cackling, saying some obscene things to the players that have suddenly stopped moving. Ryuko slowly lowers her foot and closes her mouth.

"Uh, hey... sis," she says weakly. When Satsuki doesn't say anything, Ryuko quietly, slowly tries to lower herself back into a proper sitting position on the couch. Nonon hasn't budged a muscle, and it's almost impressive.

"Matoi, please don't kick my belongings," Satsuki finally says, bending to pick up the stray pillow. She hears Nonon sigh in quiet relief when the pink-haired girl knows she's not looking.

"Who's that, your mother?"

"Shut your fucking mouth!" Nonon screeches into her headset. She elbows Ryuko, who starts button smashing. Satsuki walks over to sit next to them while they finish. "I'll fucking blast you back to 1998 when you were in your father's balls!"

Ryuko just screams the word "hella" over the sound of gunfire—almost continuously—and Satsuki tries not to get motion sickness from watching both of their screens.

Nonon's screen switches to an aerial view of the map and suddenly there's something that sounds like an airstrike and some groaning when a winning screen finally flashes up on the television.

“Now go fucking clean your room, cretin,” Nonon shouts. The swear that’s about to come is cut off when Ryuko powers down the console. Suddenly the room is quiet, Nonon turning a few shades of pink and Ryuko awkwardly wedged in between her and Satsuki.

“Sorry about the noise,” she says.

“Sorry about the language,” Nonon coughs.

Satsuki smiles slightly, dismissing their apologies. “Where are Mankanshoku and Gamagoori?”

“Oh,” Nonon tries to scoot away from Ryuko. “Slacker wanted ice cream, so they went to the mart. Like, ten years ago.”

“Would you stop digging your elbow into my side?” Ryuko hisses.

“Get your fat fucking side off of my elbow,” Nonon swears, nudging just a little too hard. Satsuki sighs and stands, removing herself from the couch while Nonon pouts. Ryuko gets up immediately and stretches towards the ceiling, yawning a little bit.

“Hey, you guys are coming over next week for our Halloween party, right?” she asks, trying not to make things awkward. Adjusting to a normal life was easy for her and Mako because they had been pretty normal, considering. Satsuki and the Elite-Four were something else, though. It was pretty telling how painfully awkward things were when Ryuko was the one constantly trying to alleviate some of their awkward social presence. Nonon had gotten a lot better, but the other four were pretty hopeless.

“If Satsuki goes,” Nonon shrugs. Ryuko grunts and glares at her before turning to her sister.

“Listen, Eyebrows, you better be there. It’ll be fun—you guys needs to lighten up,” Ryuko says.

“We’ll be there.”

“Good, but don’t forget it’s a costume party, you gotta wear something.” Almost instinctively, Ryuko starts to play with the end of her braid before she drops it, trying not to draw attention to it. She looks up at Satsuki who looks like she’s about to say something but doesn’t quite know how.

“Oh god. Oh god you’ve never worn a costume before,” she says, almost starting to laugh. Before she can even chuckle, Nonon’s heel comes crashing down on her foot.

“Neanderthal, she’ll have a damn costume,” she says, moving past Ryuko to stand by Satsuki. When Nonon places a hand on Satsuki’s shoulder, the taller girl tenses, but Ryuko gives her a pointed look. The kind of look that says “stop being so uptight and let your childhood friend touch you, you fucking freak, I can’t believe you’re my sister”. She watches Satsuki’s shoulder slacken and then turns on Nonon.

“Oh and what are you showing up as? A troll? Oh wait, you need to be something you’re not already,” Ryuko cracks up at her own joke, but stops as soon as she feels a hand on her braid,

tugging her face down.

“I’m gonna throttle you, you asshat!” Nonon growls, twisting the braid making Ryuko hiss.

Calmly, Satsuki places her hand over Nonon’s who releases Ryuko immediately. Ryuko rubs the base of her neck.

“You both are terrible,” Satsuki says, almost fondly. The two stand there glaring at each other. “Honestly, you spend so much time at my place and the only thing you both can agree upon is a video game.”

They both move to cross their arms, hips jutting out in different directions, trying not to look at each other.

“And yet, you both are so similar,” Satsuki offers with a smile, watching the two of them react in incredulity at the statement. They’re both shouting something about not being anything like the other when Mako and Ira come barging through Satsuki’s front door, pints of ice cream in hand.

They spend the rest of the afternoon trying not to kill each other, laughing, and passing around pints of double chocolate mint chip ice cream. When Uzu and Houka stop by, more laughter echoes through Satsuki’s sizeable apartment, punctuated by some amount of good-intentioned yelling.

Satsuki thinks that maybe this is what normal feels like.

# I Did This Shit On Purpose

## Chapter Summary

You know the drill--drink a lot, get drunk, make bad jokes, everyone loves you.

Drunk.

She didn't meant to get that drunk that fast, but it just sort of happened, which is how a lot of things happen for Ryuko, especially as of late. And she's a little peeved because Mako did warn her, but beer, Mako. Beer. So there she was, already on the drunk side of tipsy and most of the party was crammed into their tiny apartment at present.

Ryuko was still trying to put her outfit on and she could already hear Uzu asking Ira to hold him up because he heard about a keg stand. She just fell on the floor laughing because the Elite-Four was just such a bunch of socially awkward babies and a few months ago they somehow became her socially awkward babies. Or friends, at least. Whatever.

"Damn," Uzu shouted. Ryuko was in her room, brushing her hair, putting the finishing touches on her outfit when she heard him. "I said damn, Nonon!"

"I am going to hit you so hard your fucking grandchildren are going to be reeling every time they fucking see me," Nonon's shrill voice cuts through the air. There's the sound of laughter and someone dropping a cup followed by an explosive rant of responsibility by Ira.

Ryuko is putting two clips in her hair when she hears Mako's voice.

"Satsuki! Don't look so out of place, these are your friends! You should just talk to them."

Ryuko smiles to herself and swishes her hair, downing the rest of the beer she had taken into her room with her. She can just picture Satsuki standing in a corner awkwardly, probably dressed as a doctor. For a second, Ryuko can't remember what Mako was dressed up as then remembers that she'd decided to go for full zombie attire. Ryuko grins, trying to picture the grimace on Satsuki's face.

"Where the fuck is that shit head, isn't this her party too?"

Ryuko swings the door to her bedroom open and shouts, "Listen up, Pigs!"

The chatter stops and there's a break in the music. The apartment is only lit by a few strings of Christmas lights that Mako had put up and everybody whipped their heads to face Ryuko, being backlit by the strong light coming from her bedroom. It was the most perfect entrance she could make. She almost broke character and started rolling on the floor laughing right then and there because Ira looked like he was going to literally blow up and Nonon's face



was flushing darker than her hair, but Ryuko just set her jaw and continued, because there was liquid courage coursing through her veins right now.

“Drunkenness is Freedom, tonight! I hope you’re prepared to drink!”

When nobody moves, she brings her heel down on the tile making a satisfying clapping noise and somehow, someway, the music starts back up and the chatter increases, the door to her bedroom closes, and all she hears is Aikuro and Uzu laughing loudly in the living room. She squares her shoulders, finds Mako, and starts walking towards her, but is cut off on her way by Nonon.

“Ryuko, you fucking shit head,” Nonon starts. Ryuko glances down and suddenly realizes why Uzu was shouting before. She tries to put on her best frown.

“I said you were supposed to wear something, not come in nothing at all,” Ryuko says.

“Jesus fucking Christ, you sound just like her,” Nonon puts her face in her palms, blushing up to her ears. “And I am wearing something, you dingus—it’s Princess Leia’s slave outfit from Star Wars, you uncultured swine!”

Ryuko’s face breaks into her usual cheeky grin and she hefts the plastic sword she’s carrying with her onto one of her shoulders, jutting her hip out. “I’m just messing with you, Nonon.”

“Oh no. Oh fuck no. This is too weird, either commit to the character--,” Nonon just flushes more. She lets a breath out through her nose. “You are so mean.”

“Why are you so red?”

“I’ve had a lot to drink!” Nonon shrieks. It makes Ryuko laugh really hard and she claps Nonon on the shoulder with her free hand.

“Take another shot with me,” she suggests, gently tugging Nonon towards the kitchen, completely aware of how the smaller woman is incredibly tense. Nonon mutters something that sounds like approval and Ryuko almost hits Houka in the face with her plastic sword on their way to the kitchen. She’s laughing and still has one arm draped over Nonon with the other suspending her plastic sword on her shoulder when they both stop, suddenly. Satsuki is standing there eying the both of them, both hands wrapped awkwardly around her red cup.

Ryuko lets go of Nonon and brings both hands to rest on the plastic sword she’d been hefting around. She frowns and narrows her eyes at Satsuki. Just when she thinks Satsuki is about to open her mouth, she does the thing.

“Matoi,” they both say, almost identical in pitch and tone. It makes Satsuki blush and Nonon makes a surprised sound. Ryuko holds her frown for about three more seconds before breaking into grin and leaning against the plastic sword.

“Oh man, sorry Eyebrows, I had to say it,” she chuckles.

“So your costume is... me,” Satsuki says. “Where did you get that outfit?”

Ryuko glances down at herself clad in white and blue and shrugs. “Made it. Then I made Mako fill out my eyebrows, but I think I still got them wrong.”

“This is why you’ve been growing out your fucking hair?” Nonon asks. “You grew out your hair to be your fucking sister for Halloween?! Ryuko, you’re such a little shit!”

But Ryuko just laughs, handing her plastic sword to Nonon and moving past Satsuki to take a handle of vodka and three shot glasses from behind her.

“Yea, but I do a pretty good impression,” she says, pouring liquor into each of the glasses and passing them off. “You’re doing one and don’t give me that look.”

Satsuki’s brow furrows and Ryuko just throws the same look back, squaring Satsuki off. It’s almost like looking into a mirror, except that Ryuko did, indeed, get the shape of her eyebrows wrong. The red streak that usually serves as Ryuko’s identifier is tucked carefully under the rest of her bangs. In all honesty, it took Satsuki a second to compose herself. Ryuko looks so much like her, with the long, straight hair and carefully placed clips, the scowl they both share out of genetics—it almost makes her flinch, but Satsuki Kiryuin, even post-mom slaying, does not flinch.

She tries to remember what Ryuko always tells her about being a normal person, but her brain is making it hard for her. The image of her stern self being reflected back to her through her sister is disconcerting to say the least. Not knowing what to do, but hating this awkwardness, Satsuki downs the shot and chases with the beer in her red cup.

“Damn it, Eyebrows, you were supposed to wait for us!” Ryuko shouts. She rolls her eyes, clinks cups with Nonon and boldly decides to maintain eye contact with the shorter woman. Ryuko gives Nonon a wink right before taking their shots and she thinks it almost makes Nonon choke.

“Anyway, lighten up,” Ryuko says, moving to lean one elbow against Satsuki’s shoulder. “I like the vest, but what are you dressed as?”

“Do you know nothing? She’s Han Solo, you idiot! I wouldn’t just fucking come in a bikini,” she turns around suddenly and yells. “Uzu, get your fucking eyes off of my ass, or I swear!”

Satsuki just chuckles and shakes her head, her hair brushing against Ryuko’s arm. Ryuko takes her hand and runs her fingers through Satsuki’s short hair, making her freeze up at the contact. Ryuko tugs a strand, playfully.

“You know, you could’ve come as me,” she says, turning away from her sister and fisting the handle of vodka before taking a gigantic swig. Satsuki watches with a slight grimace.

“It would have been inappropriate,” Satsuki says simply.

“Yea, she’s not an ass like you,” Nonon interjects. Ryuko hands the handle to her expecting her to decline, but Nonon just takes a big sip out of it and grabs Satsuki’s beer cup to chase. When Nonon turns back to the sisters, they both have one eyebrow quirked up at her. “Oh god, I’m seeing double and I’m not even that plastered yet.”

“We should remedy that!” Ryuko shouts. “C’mere.”

She grabs Satsuki by the hand and makes sure Nonon is following and the trio go to find Mako sitting by the keg. Uzu, dressed as Tuxedo Mask, is trying to ask Houka if it’s statistically possible for Ira to hold him upside down above the keg for more than twenty seconds. Houka, surprisingly dressed as Ace Ventura (in a rather accurate depiction), doesn’t really know because his thumb keeps slipping and it’s taking him too long to punch the numbers in.

Finally, Mako intervenes, slurring a little bit and proclaiming that Ira could hold Uzu up for as long as anybody needed. It didn’t really make sense, but it worked.

So, that’s how they found themselves doing keg stands in Mako and Ryuko’s living room.

# Say My Name, Say My Name

## Chapter Summary

Nonon is loud.

Surprisingly, the cops came only once and just asked everyone to turn the noise down. Aikuro managed to distract them and lead them away with an embarrassing flash of his buttocks. A few times, Nonon would catch herself talking to random strangers who came in because they heard the noise off of the street level, but this stopped once Ryuko noticed and proceeded to yell down at everybody, brandishing her plastic sword and shouting things in a Kiryuin-dictator like fashion. She managed to drive away the random party-goers through sheer fear alone.

At some point, either close to being blacked out or in the process there of, Ryuko finds herself standing on a table, hands propped in front of her on that stupid plastic sword, shouting semi-incoherent contradictions while Tsumugu rolls on the floor laughing and Ira looks like he was going to shit literal bricks. Later, she came out of the black out laughing with Ira on the couch, him admitting that she does do an incredible impression of her sister. She remembers Mako trying to make her drink three glasses of water and Houka throwing up just outside the front door, being shouldered by Iori.

Things get fuzzy from there. She remembers catching Satsuki's eyes from across the room, something that looked like hurt briefly registered in Ryuko's mind. After that, she remembers patting Satsuki on the back, and having a lengthy discussion with her and Mako—the details are pretty blurred there and Ryuko's one detailed memory of that moment is a tired, sad chuckle that Satsuki gives to something Mako says.

Suddenly, she's out of her black out, but still fairly drunk. Music is still playing and she's standing in the kitchen, drinking another glass of water. Mako and Satsuki are talking on the couch, Ira snoozing away besides them. Ryuko downs the rest of the water and sweeps a hand through her front bangs, replacing her red streak under her dark hair. Most people are gone and it's late. She half heartedly chugs half a glass more of water.

She has no idea where her plastic sword has ended up and she doesn't want to bother Satsuki and Mako, because they look like they're having an intense conversation, so Ryuko makes her way to the bathroom to check herself in the mirror. On her way down the hallway, the door to the bathroom opens and Nonon stumbles out of it.

"Watch it," Ryuko says, catching her by the elbow clumsily.

"Fuck, I'm not even that drunk anymore, I just lost my footing," Nonon slurs, obviously still drunk. She looks up at Ryuko and sways a little bit. "You look just like her."

Ryuko hasn't let go of Nonon's elbow and they're incredibly close in the cramped hallway. Nonon's eyes are flickering between Ryuko's lips and her eyes and Ryuko feels herself leaning forward.

"Do I look more like her if I do this?" She asks, scowling and knitting her brows together. Nonon just hums and closes the distance between their mouths, kissing Ryuko deeply and threading her fingers through Ryuko's long hair. "Maybe this is a bad idea."

Nonon pulls at the white blouse she's wearing, tugging her into the bathroom, kissing her again.

"Do you really think this is a bad idea or you just trying to say stupid shit?" She asks, breath hot against Ryuko's lips. Ryuko turns her head to look Nonon in the eyes.

"This... I mean, like this wouldn't mean anything," she starts.

Nonon growls then dips her head so she can rake her teeth against Ryuko's neck.

"I helped control a school of idiots for years, I'm emotionally stunted," she quips, fingers still trying to force Ryuko's buttons open. Ryuko groans as Nonon's lips move against her collarbone.

"You're just doing this because I look like my sister."

Nonon stops. Her hands, previously trying to undo its third button on Ryuko's blouse, freeze in place. Ryuko can hear both of their breathing, ragged and fast. Nonon pulls away suddenly, eyes wide, like she really is realizing that Ryuko isn't Satsuki.

"I'm drunk," Nonon says. Ryuko shrugs and brings her hands to Nonon's waist, leaning in to kiss her again when the shorter woman doesn't back away.

"I'm drunk, too."

"So, maybe we shouldn't."

"Or we could, and just be done with it. Get it out of our systems."

"You're not the one I want."

"I know," Ryuko says, pressing her lips to Nonon's. "You can call me what you want."

It almost makes Nonon flinch—if she were sober she would have, but if she were sober she also would not be kissing Ryuko in her bathroom. Ryuko is all teeth, firm and aggressive, and Nonon can't say that she doesn't like it. She wraps her arms around Ryuko's neck and Ryuko grips Nonon's ass, making the shorter woman groan into her mouth.

Ryuko's wrist bumps into the counter and with little effort she picks Nonon up and sets her there, using the leverage and evened height to nip at her neck, sucking on her skin, swirling her tongue against her pulse point, and caring little about marks that might be left. Her right hand dances up Nonon's side and she lets out a strangled moan, gripping Ryuko's hair,

fingers twirling in its length, tugging hard. It makes Ryuko hiss against her neck and with a groan she rakes her teeth against Nonon's collarbone.

"This outfit is ridiculous," Ryuko says, hand trying to palm Nonon's breast through the Princess Leia Slave Bikini.

"Would you fucking quit it?" Nonon growls, reaching behind her own neck and unclasping the metal bikini.

"It's like a skirt but not," Ryuko says, practically ripping the top off of Nonon's chest before dipping her head and taking a nipple in her mouth, working her tongue to draw small moans from Nonon's lips.

"Can you stay in character for ten fucking seconds?"

Ryuko hums against her breast, gripping tightly at her waist and working her hand back down her sacrum. Nonon grinds against her, rolling her hips forward on the countertop so that Ryuko can get a hand under her ass. She grips hard and Nonon makes a sound as she sucks on Ryuko's bottom lip.

"How far is your bedroom," Nonon asks, fingers threading through the length of Ryuko's hair, tugging at the base of her neck.

"Across the hall," Ryuko responds, letting her face come away from Nonon's. She scowls at her down the length of her nose, until Nonon makes eye contact and then furrows her brow.

"Fuck," Nonon murmurs, flushing at the sight. "Take me there. Carry me there right now."

Ryuko complies eagerly, easily lifting Nonon's small frame off of the countertop, kissing her neck as she does so. She only briefly fumbles with the doorknob and then crashes into the hall, grinding her hip into Nonon's center and bracing both of their bodies against the wall with one hand. They're kissing in the hall, Ryuko slowly pressing the length of her body against Nonon who's wrapped her legs around Ryuko's waist, someone is still playing music from the living room—it doesn't bother either of them. She makes sure both of her hands are firmly gripping Nonon's bottom before she spins them towards her room, biting lightly at Nonon's collarbone on the way.

When they reach her bedroom door, Ryuko just throws a foot out and kicks it open, hearing Nonon gasp as they cross the threshold and before she slams the door shut with another kick. They both tumble onto Ryuko's bed, Ryuko slotting her body between Nonon's legs, the shorter woman arching her back, pressing her hips against Ryuko's. Suddenly, Ryuko brings down the fervent kiss, slows the pace, grinds carefully into Nonon, drawing ragged breaths from both of them. She straightens her elbows, lifting herself away from Nonon and lets her hair cascade around them both.

"Jakuzure," she says, smoothing out her tone and lifting her voice to match Satsuki's the way she knows it can. She smirks, when she sees a blush creep across Nonon's face. "Won't you sing me a song?"

Ryuko's hand dips past the waistband of Nonon's bikini, cupping her, fingers ghosting over her clit. A whine escapes Nonon's lips and Ryuko leans down once more, lips meeting her neck, fingers still flitting teasingly before dipping between her labia, spreading and feeling the wetness pooling there. The groan Nonon makes is breathy, full of release, and loud. It makes Ryuko hot.

"That's it," she says, before taking Nonon's earlobe in between her teeth, nipping playfully. Nonon bucks her hips against Ryuko's hand, impatient and needy. Ryuko lifts her head and stares into Nonon's eyes, smirking. "Sing."

She enters her fast, two fingers slipping easily inside the shorter woman who lets loose a strangled moan. She finds a rhythm, pumping her hand, drawing those groans straight out of Nonon's mouth, pulling them from her center, playing her like an instrument. Nonon's cries are loud as she arches her back, hips timed to Ryuko's rhythm. She shifts her hand, bending at the wrist, grinding her thumb into Nonon's clit with every stroke.

"Yes!" Nonon yelps. She tugs on Ryuko's hair. "Don't stop."

Ryuko growls. "Say it. Say her name."

"Ryu—."

"No. Say her name," Ryuko growls, fiercer than before, scowling like it's taking all of her concentration to keep that driving rhythm of her fingers sliding again and again inside of the woman writhing underneath her. She watches as Nonon closes her eyes and lifts her chin; loud, breathy moans escape her throat. She watches Nonon lick her lips, watches her hiss that first long, drawn out syllable.

"Sat--," Nonon starts, vocalizing her pleasure into Ryuko's ear. She feels the hands in her hair tug harder. She crooks her finger and quickens her pace. "Satsuki. Satsuki. Fuck, Satsuki."

The crescendoed cry leads to her climax, an almost violent shuddering of her small frame underneath Ryuko's body. The hands in her long hair slacken, and she rolls off of her, lying beside Nonon, both of them breathing fast. Nonon swallows hard, suddenly uncomfortable with just the sound of their breathing floating through the room.

"So, do you...", Nonon starts. Ryuko huffs.

"No. I'm tired. And I'm drunk. I don't think I can even get off right now," she says, truthfully. Even though she drank copious amounts of water, laying down now, she can feel her head spinning. "You can stay here."

Nonon hums, her breath slowing and Ryuko's own eyes slip shut.

She's halfway between sleeping and dreaming when she notes that the music has stopped playing from the living room.

# **This That Red-Cup-All-On-The-Lawn Shit**

## Chapter Summary

Hangovers are a deity's way of telling you you'll never be a deity and you're always going to be awkward.

When Nonon opens her eyes in the morning she has no clue where the fuck she is. The nightstand she's looking at definitely isn't hers—the mess on it makes her flinch and that makes her feel like her brain is swollen inside of her head. Everything is too bright and some details are sharper than others. She shifts in the bed she knows isn't her own, head reeling when she tries to move. She opts to just lie there, on her side, trying to gather her thoughts without coaxing the urge to vomit.

The bed creaks when the body in it next to her shifts, and she realizes she's tangled up in another person—their legs slotted between hers, an arm wrapped around her bare torso. She closes her eyes, but it just makes the spinning sensation worse. Suddenly, bits and piece of last night start coming to the forefront of her memory like wrecks surfacing from the sea. She inhales sharply when she remembers whose fucking bed she's in.

Struggling against limbs, she manages to turn her body to face Ryuko—Nonon knows instinctively that if she were to sit up now, she would lose the contents of her stomach immediately. She manages to pry herself away from the other woman, if only slightly, so that they aren't breathing in the same air. Ryuko's mouth moves and she mumbles something sleepily. After a few minutes, she stirs and starts untangling herself from Nonon, lying flat on her back. She clears her throat, tongue licking at the roof of her mouth and starts scratching at her bare stomach. She exhales loudly.

“Don't freak out,” Nonon whispers. Ryuko's breathing hesitates for just a second and the hand scratching at herself stills before she cracks open one eye to glance down at the woman next to her.

“You don't freak out,” she mumbles, closing her eye and yawning, stretching her toes, and arching her back off the bed slightly making light popping noises as her vertebrae realign themselves. “What are you still doing here?”

Nonon flushes. “What the fuck do you mean what am I still doing here, what the fuck happened last night?”

Ryuko hums as she flexes her arms and legs, scooting up in the bed so that she can sit up against the headboard. Nonon mimics her while fighting the urge to dry heave, or worse, actually vomit. Ryuko taps her chin.



“You don’t remember?” she asks. She looks past Nonon toward her nightstand and reaches over, brushing up against the smaller woman as she passes so she can get a hair tie.

“If I remembered, I wouldn’t be asking stupid questions, you fuckwad,” Nonon says, watching Ryuko tie her hair into a lazy ponytail that drapes over her shoulder. Her eyes linger on the long hair and the fingers working their way through it. Ryuko stops and lowers her hands; she looks Nonon straight in the eyes.

“You’re lying.”

Nonon opens her mouth to say something but closes it when nothing comes up. Her ears and cheeks start to burn. Ryuko just smirks at her.

“You’re just hoping I don’t remember anything so you can go on forgetting details,” she says, nonchalant, playing with the ends of her hair. She lifts her hands above her head, stretching, and yawning.

“I—wait, why are you in your bra, I didn’t fucking take your clothes off last night,” Nonon says, diverting if only slightly.

Ryuko takes the bait. “Oh, you run really hot, so I had to take off my clothes.”

“Of course I run hot, shit for brains,” Nonon growls. Ryuko just chuckles before leaning down her side of the bed, groaning as her head comes toward the floor. She rifles around for a few seconds before she comes back up, two plastic bottles of water in hand. She hands one to Nonon.

“Yea, if you drank as much as I did last night, don’t bend over,” she says, a queasy look on her face. They both open the bottles of water and chug more than half the contents. Ryuko glances at Nonon. “Just gonna leave your tits out?”

Nonon looks down at herself, topless, sheets covering her legs. She sighs and shrugs, drinks more water, and tries not to hurl on Ryuko out of courtesy.

“I think my top is still in your fucking bathroom,” she says before taking another sip. She stops suddenly, remembering something. “Oh no.”

“What? It’s still gonna be there. You can borrow something to wear or whatever.”

“No, fuck. I just remembered something,” she says, bringing her hands to her face. “Shit. Shit, shit, shit. Fuck.”

Ryuko quirks an eyebrow at the smaller woman next to her, only slightly alarmed.

“Uh…”

“Fuck, how thin are your walls?” Nonon asks, removing her hands from her face and fixing Ryuko with a glare that makes the taller woman shirk away from her and press against the headboard.

“I—I mean, Mako says she can hear me snoring sometimes and her room is on the other side of the apartment,” Ryuko stammers.

“I’m dead. That’s it. I’m dead. I can never fucking leave this room,” Nonon mumbles.

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

Nonon glares at Ryuko, accusingly almost. She makes a few sharp exhales through her nose before she finally says it.

“Your sister was on the couch last night.”

Ryuko never really understood how the words “blaring” and “silence” could be used together until that moment, because the silence was literally so blaring she felt like she could hear the blood rushing in her ears, causing her face to flush three shades of pink. Her hand, gripping the plastic water bottle, begins to clench—the sound of plastic and the paper label slowly being molded start filling the room.

It was Nonon’s turn to be slightly alarmed. She didn’t expect this reaction—Ryuko was steadily turning more and more red and she wasn’t quite sure if she was breathing properly.

“Oh no,” she mumbles, finally. “Are you fucking sure? How sure are you, Nonon?”

“She was sitting right there!”

“You saw her?! You’re sure you saw her?!”

“Yes,” Nonon hisses, bringing both of their voices down. “When you kicked your fucking door open like an idiot last night, I saw her turn her head before you shut it.”

“This is fucked up,” Ryuko says, bringing the water bottle to her lips again. “This is really fucked up.”

She chugs the rest of the contents like some nervous, anxious tick. Nonon watches her with an eyebrow raised as Ryuko takes the bottles and smashes it, twisting between her two palms so that it becomes just a little ball of plastic. She swears loudly as she throws it across her room, the plastic bouncing off of her door.

“Is everything alright in there?”

Nonon and Ryuko freeze at the sound of Mako’s voice. Ryuko just grunts a feeble, “Uh huh”, before Mako’s footsteps disappear towards the bathroom.

“What are we gonna do?” Ryuko asks, turning on Nonon.

“What are we gonna do?!” Nonon repeats. “What the fuck are you asking me for?”

“Because you always call me a little shit, so clearly I’m a little shit! So, what are we gonna do?! Do you think she’s still here? There’s now way she’s still here; she’d never sleep on a couch.”

“I don’t—.”

Nonon stops when she realizes Ryuko is holding her shoulders leaning toward her, eyes wide out of something that looks like fear and anxiety. Something feels off.

“Wait, why are you freaking out?” Nonon asks, brows furrowing.

“I—uh,” Ryuko starts, stammer heavy. Realizing she’s fucked up, she forces words out of her mouth into some kind of excuse that may or may not make sense. “I don’t—well, like, you’re not supposed to fuck your sister’s friends and shit!”

Nonon just looks at her. She’s missing something; she knows it. There’s something that she can’t remember from last night that isn’t creeping back as fast as she would like. The sex, fine, she can go flush about that later, but there’s something about the sex—

“You want to be her,” Nonon says, eyes wide in realization. Ryuko just groans and rolls her eyes. She reaches over and covers Nonon’s mouth with her hand when she hears Mako’s footsteps returning from the bathroom. The suddenness of the action makes Nonon yelp into her hand.

“Shut up, if you play nice, maybe I’ll tell you. I don’t really want to, but you’re fucked up and I’m fucked up; it’ll be like a fucked up truce. I am not going to have this conversation right now,” she says, letting go of Nonon’s mouth. She gets out of bed and rummages around for a pair of jogger pants that she pulls on. “Get out of bed and help me act normal.”

“I mean,” Nonon says before being smacked in the face with a flannel shirt. She holds it up and looks at it in mild disdain. When she lowers the shirt, she’s hit in the face by a pair of boy shorts. She flushes. “Can you give me anything that doesn’t look like I clearly just slept with you?”

“No, fuck that. Own up to me, you asshole,” Ryuko huffs, gathering her hair once more and fixing the ponytail that runs down her back. Unable to find the specific shirt that she wants to wear, she unclasps her bra and whips on a sports bra. She’s adjusting herself when she turns back to Nonon who’s pulling on those boy shorts, which she really doesn’t need because the ratty flannel shirt settles mid-thigh. The sleeves are way too long and it looks like she’s swimming in the shirt, but she rolls up the cuffs.

“Your braid is coming out,” Ryuko says, handing Nonon a hair tie. She watches in mild curiosity as the shorter woman begins untangling her hair before gathering it up into a messy bun on the top of her head. She doesn’t know why she does it, but she reaches out and takes a strand of pink hair between her fingers—Nonon inhales sharply and looks up at her.

“I’m surprised your eyebrows didn’t smudge with the way you sleep,” Nonon says, almost gently. Ryuko drops her hand as she simultaneously tries to throw on a smirk. She thinks it works, but it feels more like a grimace or a flinch.

“What, want me to parade as her right now?”

When the question makes Nonon flush again, she feels a real smirk take hold of the corner of her mouth. She flexes when Nonon telegraphs her punch and just takes it, chuckling and throwing the door open before going into the hallway and moving toward the kitchen, scratching at her bare stomach. She drops her hand when she sees Satsuki standing in the kitchen, by the coffee maker. Nonon runs right into her and swears.

“Oh, hey Satsuki! You’re still here!” Ryuko says way too cheery with an embarrassing flair for being extremely uncomfortable. She scratches the back of her head and nervously chuckles. Satsuki quirks an eyebrow at her.

“Oh no,” Nonon says, covering her mouth. “I’m gonna be sick.”

Suddenly, she’s spinning around and heading towards the bathroom and Ryuko isn’t sure if she’s faking it or not but now she’s standing in the kitchen with her sister and this is not something she wants to do right now.

“Do you want coffee, Mato?”

“Uhm.”

“I’ll take that as a yes, and anyway,” Satsuki says, turning away from Ryuko as she pours coffee into multiple mugs. “You must be tired after last night.”

“Yea, about last night,” Ryuko starts, trying not to sound nervous or guilty or anxious but failing miserably. She doesn’t know how to respond exactly: truth or untruth? She opts for a version of the truth. “I don’t really... I don’t really remember a lot of it.”

She can’t see Satsuki’s face, who’s preoccupied with adding milk and sugar to certain mugs, and that makes her even more anxious. But she does see the lift of Satsuki’s shoulders as she offers a noncommittal shrug.

“To be honest,” Satsuki says, turning her head toward Ryuko. “I don’t really either.”

Ryuko sees the frown, the deep lines that form around her brow and the pull on the corners of her lips before Satsuki turns back to one cup in particular which seems to be just milk and sugar with coffee to color. That one is definitely for Mako.

“Perhaps you should check on Jakuzure,” Satsuki offers after a considerably awkward amount of silence passes.

“Oh, right, yea, I should do that. Sure.”

Ryuko turns and makes her way to the bathroom, trying desperately not to just strangle her own neck. She’s at the door when she hears groaning coming from inside the bathroom. She rolls her eyes and raps her knuckles on the door before opening it.

“Giving offerings to the Porcelain Gods?” she asks, when she sees Nonon, head practically inside of the toilet bowl. She wretches violently, the sound of liquid hitting the back of the bowl makes Ryuko queasy. Nonon spits.

“We will never speak of this moment,” she says, pointing but without looking at the taller woman. Ryuko just snorts as Nonon wretches again, but goes to pat her on the back and hold her hair away from her face. “I mean it. This isn’t happening.”

Nonon moves to stand, and Ryuko takes her by the elbow. She lets her wash her face and digs for a spare toothbrush in the back of the cabinet. Ryuko stands there awkwardly, waiting for Nonon, unsure of whether or not she should just leave. The quick glances they make at each other through the mirror only turn to heavy, uncomfortable silence. Mako and Satsuki are sitting on the couch, waiting for them with coffee mugs when they return to the living room. Mako is cheerfully talking about how great keg stands are and Satsuki just has a quaint, tired smile on her face.

Ryuko doesn’t like coffee; she loves it. Coffee in the morning, coffee for a hangover, a shot of espresso after dinner to cleanse the palette—all coffee, except for decaf, was good coffee to Ryuko. So it wasn’t entirely surprising when she set herself down on the floor, scooted up against the table, and happily warmed her face against the steam rising from her mug as if nothing strange or weird had gone on in the past 24 hours. It certainly throws off Nonon and Satsuki, but Mako ever so slightly rolls her eyes and the motion goes lost amongst the others.

Ryuko sets her cup down with a satisfying sigh when she happens to catch Satsuki’s eye.

“Oi, is that my shirt?” she asks, pointing at the blue tee that currently drapes over her sister’s shoulders. Satsuki looks down at it, then at Mako.

“Matoi, please, this isn’t the first time you’ve caught me wearing something of yours,” she says as she brings her cup to her lips. There’s a faint smile there. “Though last time you did fly off the handle about it.”

“I can’t believe you just fucking made a joke about that,” she mutters, rolling her eyes. She thrusts her hand towards Satsuki. “Give it to me.”

“What? No.” Satsuki says, eyebrows shooting up into her bangs. “It’s currently on me.”

Ryuko rolls her eyes. “I really want to wear that shirt.”

“Are you being serious right now? Is this happening? You do own other shirts.”

“And I didn’t put any of them on because I wanted that one.”

“Put on a different one.”

“But I want that one!”

“This one is on me!”

To Nonon’s absolute horror, they begin to argue back and forth. She’s starting to think that she woke up in a twilight zone when she finds herself meeting Mako’s eyes in a look that asks each other “do you understand what the hell is happening because I sure as fuck don’t”. At some point both sisters stand, fists balled up, still arguing about the shirt. Ryuko walks up to Satsuki and Nonon has to scoot away from the table to avoid being trampled on by one or

the other. There's a vein in Satsuki's neck that's throbbing and Mako pretty much finished her milk and sugar out of anxiety. Ryuko stomps her foot down like a child when Nonon decides that she's had too much on this side of the table and scoots over to sit by Mako, which is weird but not the weirdest thing happening in this room or that has happened in the past 24 hours in this apartment.

Actually, it might be the weirdest thing happening in the apartment, because Mako grabs Nonon's hand out of sheer terror when Ryuko grabs Satsuki by the neck of her shirt. Nonon has half a mind to say something to her about it before Satsuki grabs Ryuko's wrist, twisting it away from her and yanking down—Ryuko ends up with her head wedged between Satsuki's elbow and her side. Not to be outdone, she bites down on her sister's hip and takes advantage of the taller woman's surprise by hooking one foot behind the other girl's ankle and whipping it forward. She miscalculates the move and ends up with a mouth full of carpet, half straddling Satsuki (who barely managed to avoid slamming her head into the table), her head still locked against her sister's side.

Ryuko straightens her knees and elbows, pushing up off of the floor, and heaving her torso up to try and dislodge her head from Satsuki's grip. When her head comes loose, she works one leg after the other until she's straddling Satsuki properly.

"I'm gonna take that shirt now," she sneers, the look of victory on her face.

"Don't you dare, Matoi," Satsuki glares.

She knows she's pretty much pinned at this point. She can either let Ryuko take the shirt, which she really does not want to do, or she can escalate the situation into a more violent manner. She really doesn't want to do the latter, either. She feels Ryuko's palm fist against the hem of the shirt, knuckles catching her by the skin. She tries not to squirm and for a second she debates actually punching Ryuko in the face. Satsuki's eyes flicker down to Ryuko's neck.

She furrows her brows. She could always diverge.

"Matoi, you have hickies. Quite a few, too."

It has its desired affect. Ryuko immediately lets go and Nonon makes a tiny sound that sounds like a small, dying animal. Satsuki may not be one for tact, but she can work her way around a situation for her favor. Ryuko stands and groans uncomfortably, holding her two palms against her neck before whipping around and stomping over to her room. Satsuki stands and sits back on the couch next to Nonon who's just holding her face in her hands and shaking her head. Ryuko comes back with a hooded sweatshirt on, zipped all the way up the front.

"You can be a real bitch, sometimes," she says, stuffing her hands into her pockets and plopping herself back down in front of her cup of coffee. She misses the frown Satsuki makes but hears the hum. Ryuko grumbles into her coffee.

"I had so much fun last night!" Mako says, trying to steer the morning into a less hostile direction. She bumps Nonon with her elbow happily. Nonon, wedged between Mako and

Satsuki, thinks she would really like to just die of embarrassment—at this point, it doesn't seem like such a bad way to go. She swallows hard, trying to remember that she has to act normal. She tries to add up the number of drinks she thinks Satsuki had last night, trying to determine if it's possible somebody in this damn apartment doesn't actually remember what transpired the night previous.

“From what I remember, it was quite the time,” Satsuki offers, not looking at anybody. “How about you, Jakuzure, did you enjoy last night?”

“Uh-huh,” she squeaks, surprised by the sudden direct address. She turns a few shades of pink and clears her throat, working up some answer that sounds more natural. “Yea, it was fun, I guess. At least I didn't beat up that idiot monkey.”

“Actually, Nonon, you did almost push him over the balcony and threaten to drop him if he didn't stop staring at your butt,” Mako chimes.

Nonon smirks. “Oops, forgot about that. Wait, didn't I end up kicking him later? I remember something about that.”

“Oh yea! He held a keg stand longer than you did,” Ryuko interjects. “Actually, he held a few keg stands longer than any of us... does anybody know if he got home okay?”

Mako waves a hand. “Yea, he woke Ira up when Satsuki and I were talking—something about being lost.”

“Ira actually left you here?” Nonon asks, turning to Satsuki. Satsuki frowns.

“I told Gamagoori that he could take leave,” she says, but pauses awkwardly. She continues as if to tack on a dismissive afterthought. “I don't really remember.”

But Ryuko catches it, this time. She definitely catches the way Satsuki's eyes slide down and to the left, the way her hand curls around her own elbow, tightening, holding herself. Ryuko narrows her eyes, about to say something about it, but happens to also catch Mako's eye who, in a rather uncharacteristic gesture of her usually cheery demeanor, is currently glaring daggers at her. Ryuko closes her mouth and quirks her brow, but Mako gives her head a slight shake.

“Anyway,” Satsuki says, flippantly. “Jakuzure, I can drive you back home once we're done with coffee and maybe a bit of cleaning.”

“No! You don't have to clean,” Mako gasps. “I'll make Ryuko help out for once.”

“Mako, I don't know what you're talking about, I help out all the time,” Ryuko grumbles. She glares at Nonon when the pink-haired woman gives a snort. But when Nonon actually catches Ryuko's eye, she chuckles.

“As if, shit head. Everyone in this room knows you're the filthiest person on the planet.”

“Why does everyone think that's true?! I'm not filthy! I hate filth; I don't mind mess, jeez, get it right.”

“I think that’s a slight contradiction, Matoi. Have I rubbed off on you that much?” Satsuki muses, taking sips out of her cup.

Ryuko sits up straight, her hood falling from its precarious position on her head. She whips the hair tie out of her hair and gives her locks a toss over her shoulder.

“Have I rubbed off on you that much?” she says, her tone high and smooth, matching Satsuki’s. It makes one of Satsuki’s eyebrows twitch. Nonon almost drops her cup, next to her.

“Matoi,” Satsuki starts.

“Matoi,” Ryuko mimics. She grins. “Actually, now I know why you always yell my name like that, it’s so fun. I have a fun name. Your name has too many syllables—it just makes me angry.”

Satsuki blinks. “Matoi... I have less—never mind. It’s really disconcerting when you do that.”

“Do what? Talk like you?” Ryuko asks. She stands and perches herself on the coffee table, back ramrod straight, one knee laid across the other. She picks up her mug of coffee delicately and glances at Satsuki. “Is it still weird?”

“Yes,” Satsuki answers, brows furrowed in anger. Ryuko glances at Nonon’s hands pressed against the inside of her thighs. Nonon clenches and unclenches her jaw, her lips forming a tight line, and presses her knees together. Ryuko is about to take it a step further out of malice when Mako, thankfully, intervenes.

“Ryuko, we should cut your hair today; after everyone is gone.”

Ryuko’s shoulders slump forward to her own natural posture. She sets her cup down, places her elbow on her knee, and rests her chin in her palm. She breathes a puff of air, moving a stray strand of hair away from her face.

“On second thought, it’s more disconcerting when you do that—can you at least remove those horrible fake eyebrows?” Satsuki asks. Ryuko waves her free hand, dismissing her sister and addressing Mako.

“I dunno, maybe. If we have time, I guess,” she says, ignoring Satsuki completely while inspecting her nails and looking bored, still hunched over. “I’m gonna need a big nap, today, too.”

Nonon grits her teeth. She thinks Ryuko really just wants to fuck with her. She makes a mental note to send her spiteful texts later in the week. Besides her, Satsuki finishes her cup of coffee. Nonon feels the taller woman turn to her so she brings her own cup to her lips in a hurry, nearly spilling coffee on herself in the process. She can’t look Satsuki in the eyes, not yet.



“Whenever you’re ready, Jakuzure,” Satsuki says as she stands, bringing her mug with her to the kitchen. She doesn’t look back at Nonon, merely raises her voice. “Unless you feel more comfortable getting a ride from somebody else.”

It’s the way she phrases it that makes Nonon tighten the grip on her cup. Something in the sentence lingers in the air, like she knows. When Nonon flicks her gaze up over the rim of her cup, she meets Ryuko’s slightly widened eyes. The word “normal” briefly passes through her thoughts. Nonon has never turned down a ride from Satsuki. It would just be suspicious and awkward if she did now. Right?

“Yea, that’s fine. Can you give me a second?” Nonon asks. Satsuki hums in response, still washing her cup and cleaning out the coffee maker. Nonon stands, gives Ryuko a pointed glare, and walks back toward her bedroom with Ryuko following.

“I might flip my shit; she definitely heard,” Nonon says, gathering her clothes. She turns on Ryuko, who’s rubbing the palms of her hands into her eyes. “Now I have to sit in her car while we’re both wearing your clothes.”

Ryuko stiffens. “She still has my shirt. Fuck.”

“You need to stop being weird about the shirt,” Nonon says, stealing a few hair ties off of Ryuko’s nightstand when she isn’t paying attention. “And we need to talk about this. Later.”

“Fine. Shit, no. Wait, okay maybe. Do we have to?”

Nonon hesitates. In theory, it could be really easy to just go back to being not-friends with Ryuko. They could continue yelling at each other and never mention it. But that’s in theory. She has no idea how they would actually perform in practice.

“Yes, shit head,” she decides. “I don’t like it either but we can’t just... it wouldn’t work if we pretended it never happened.”

Ryuko grunts, a slight lift in her shoulders signifying that she agrees with Nonon. Nonon takes a step towards her, trying to move back into the living room, but Ryuko sidesteps into her path. Nonon’s eyes widen when Ryuko leans forward, but she can’t react fast enough. Ryuko kisses her on the mouth and Nonon hates that she lets her suck in a breath when she pulls back, lips hovering over Nonon’s. It takes her a single second, but it’s a single second too long, and she knows it doesn’t hurt the way she means it to (wants it to), but she slaps Ryuko across the face.

Ryuko stands there, stunned, expecting a verbal outburst, but Nonon just exhales sharply through her nose and shoves the taller woman out of the way before muttering a low, angry, “Don’t.”

“Wait,” Ryuko hisses, trying not to draw attention to them, but Nonon’s already behind Satsuki in the kitchen, tugging at her sleeve.

“C’mon, Satsuki, I’m ready to go,” she turns and flips her hand at Mako. “Thanks, underachiever. I’m gonna go wait by the car.”

“That was quick,” Satsuki says, drying her hands on a dishrag. Nonon is already out the door, her footsteps disappearing down the stairwell. Satsuki casts a sideways glance at her sister, standing stock-still, hands in the pockets of her hoody, looking miserable. “Thanks for having us over.”

There’s something in her that makes her hesitate. Satsuki takes a tentative step forward, towards her sister, but stops when she doesn’t react. Mako coughs, gets up, and gives Satsuki and awkward, quick hug and then nudges Ryuko to do the same.

“Huh. Oh yea, bye, Sats. I’ll text you later,” she says, avoiding Satsuki’s eyes. Satsuki doesn’t miss the tense, stiff way Ryuko wraps her arms around her. Every other time Satsuki even allowed Ryuko to hug her, Ryuko had this horrible habit of planting both of her feet on the ground, and bear hugging Satsuki by the waist while shouting something, lifting slightly until the taller woman would either scream back at her or smack her over the head. It was over the top and this just... wasn’t.

Satsuki just hums and kisses the top of Ryuko’s head before turning. Ryuko flushes and follows Satsuki until she’s out the door. The bright blue tee that Satsuki still has on makes Ryuko’s eyes squint in the sun as she leans out the doorframe and watches her sister go. Ryuko watches the ends of her hair swish back and forth as she walks, and blushes when Satsuki turns, just as she’s about to lose eye contact by going down the stairwell, and waves. Ryuko lifts one hand sheepishly and watches her disappear.

She sighs when she shuts the door, leaning back against it. Mako’s gone to her room, there is no music playing, and she hears a car start up in the distance.

# So, Are We Gonna Let It Burn?

## Chapter Summary

Ryuko is super bad at texting and feelings.

Ryuko doesn't see Satsuki for two weeks.

Three days after the party, Ryuko texts her to see if she can come over, as per usual—she doesn't get a response, but waits half an hour before putting on her shoes and getting ready to go anyway. She's having trouble shoving her second foot into her still tied sneaker when she gets a text from Satsuki that just reads, *I'm busy*. She frowns and stops struggling with her shoe before typing back a lazy, single letter confirmation and plopping herself back down on the couch in front of the television.

A few days later she tries again. She waits almost an hour this time before she finally decides to just go over to Satsuki's apartment. The door that's usually open, letting the last bits of a warm fall breeze into her apartment, is closed. Ryuko spends fifteen minutes knocking on Satsuki's front door and texting her before she gives up and walks slowly back to her motorbike. She's leaning against it, contemplating breaking her silence with Nonon when she finally gets a texts from Satsuki.

*I'm not home.*

She scratches the back of her neck; her hair, still long, spends most of its time in loose, messy buns. She flips the phone over in her hands and tries to formulate a response, but comes up with nothing. She's beginning to wonder if Satsuki's avoiding her, but dismisses the thought and just hops onto her bike and takes off.

The day after that, it's Nonon that breaks the radio silence. Ryuko is half asleep on her couch when her phone vibrates against her chest, startling her into wakefulness. She looks down at it hoping it's Satsuki, but becomes curious when she realizes it's Nonon.

*Ass wipe, have you seen Satsuki lately?*

Ryuko frowns before typing a quick reply.

*no y hav u?*

She doesn't have to wait long before her phone buzzes again with Nonon's answer.

*Shit. No but nobodys seen her.*

Ryuko's frown deepens. Immediately, she wonders if something's happened to Satsuki, but that's not possible—she got a text from her the day before. A short one, but a text nonetheless.

*she txtd me bt hvnt seen her  
sed she wuz busy*

*Okay. Well let me kno if you do see her*

Ryuko sends her signature, lazy, one letter affirmation. She's about to just put her phone down, thinking the conversation is over when it buzzes one more time in her hand. She reads the text with a scowl on her face.

*We still have to talk.*

She can't even bring herself to respond.

Ryuko finds some time to go over to Satsuki's apartment everyday after that. She spends fifteen minutes banging on the door and yelling at her neighbors before giving up and getting on her bike to go yell at her own neighbors.

Days later, Mako is reading a comic book on the couch while Ryuko flips through channels, trying to decide between two crime shows, the game show network, or that second X-Men movie that's always on. Mako's phone buzzes incessantly on the coffee table and when it finally annoys Ryuko enough, she snatches it up.

"Mako, when you're texting Ira, you've really got to...", she trails off when she sees that the name upon Mako's screen isn't Ira's but Satsuki's (it actually just says Catsuki and has an emoji of a cat next to it). "Why is Satsuki texting you?"

When Ryuko looks up, Mako has this sheepish look on her face, and she's shifting around uncomfortably. She puffs out her cheeks, and usually it's super adorable, and Ryuko usually can't help but laugh, but this time it feels like the air in her cheeks are literal secrets she's trying not to spill. Ryuko feels something settling in her stomach, something that almost feels like betrayal, like being conned.

"Mako, have you been texting Sats this whole time?" Ryuko asks. She watches as Mako slowly bobs her head up and down, trying not to shift around too much.

"This whole evening, yes... and maybe for the past two weeks," Mako finally blurts. Her shoulders slump forward and she gives Ryuko this wide-eyed, apologetic look, begging her not to be angry.

"Stop that, Mako, I'm not angry," she only half lies. She's a little angry; she's a little upset, but not at Mako, never at Mako. She can't explain exactly why she feels so wronged. She sighs. "Is she at home right now? Has she just been avoiding me? Avoiding everybody?"

"Mostly everybody," Mako says. She thumbs nervously through the pages of her comic book. She opens her mouth and then closes it, and usually Ryuko would just punch the next

sentence out of anybody else, but this is Mako. “She’s pretty much been in her apartment this entire time... I saw her a couple days ago.”

Ryuko lets out a sigh.

“Mako,” she huffs.

“Don’t start, Ryuko. She just needs some time to think about things,” Mako says. “You may not remember a lot of the party, but I certainly do, and she remembers enough, at least.”

“This is ridiculous. I’m going over there.”

“No, please don’t!” Mako pleads. “Just give her a few more days—let her be by herself for a little while.”

Ryuko looks at Mako like she’s grown another head. She opens and closes her mouth, wanting to find words but failing in this situation. She doesn’t even know where to start. Mako puts her book on the coffee table and gets up. She sits cross-legged on the couch, facing Ryuko, and Ryuko does the same—this is how they have their “serious” talks, and Ryuko feels her stomach roll with dread.

“Mako, what is going on?” Ryuko groans.

Mako’s eyes soften and that dread that’s rolling around in Ryuko’s stomach churns ever faster, making her feel something akin to nausea. Very delicately, as if placating a child, Mako reaches up and pats Ryuko on the cheek. It calms Ryuko, slightly, and Mako knows it.

“Ryuko, do you remember talking to Satsuki at the party?”

“Yea,” she answers on impulse, defensive even. She frowns. “Well, I mean, I remember talking to her. Not fucking sure about what, but I mean, what’s the deal? I was talking to everybody at the party.”

“You were yelling at everyone at the party,” Mako chuckles. “I mean later; you and Sats were getting into the deep stuff.”

“Like...,” Ryuko asks, not quite sure if she wants to hear the answer.

“Like, you know,” Mako says as puts her hands to her hair, fanning them out on either side of her neck before drawing her thumb across her neck. “Among other things.”

Ryuko furrows her brow. There’s a part of her that desperately wants this conversation to just get to the point, but the other part of her doesn’t want to know what kind of truths or untruths her drunken self might have spilled to her sister. She scratches at the nape of her neck as she runs through the laundry list of embarrassing tell-alls she harbors. One in particular stands out and her mind stills on the thought before it seems to take hold of her heart, squeezing--something that feels like panic starts to seep into her chest to mingle with the dread left there.

“Those other things,” she starts. “I mean... did I tell anybody else?”

Mako smiles at her. “Just me,” she chimes, lifting her shoulders. “But I’m good with secrets.”

“Yea, you really are,” Ryuko half-heartedly chuckles, but she feels her heart rate quicken its pace and there’s an unfamiliar and altogether uncomfortable shake in her hands.

“It’s not that weird, you know,” Mako whispers, careful. “She is very pretty.”

It’s like being burning hot while simultaneously being dunked into ice cold water. Ryuko can feel the blush all the way up to the tips of her ears as she turns her face away from Mako, trying to save some amount of dignity or pride. Gritting her teeth, she tries to still her body from visibly shaking.

“I don’t want to talk about that,” she says, low and serious, trying to keep both her anger and her embarrassment in check before she ends up taking it out on Mako. She can feel her nails making crescent shaped cuts into the palms of her hands, digging because she can’t stop shaking. “We’re not gonna talk about that.”

“Ryuko,” Mako hums, a sadness to her tone. “You just keep forcing it down; it’s not healthy.”

“Like the alternative is?” Ryuko spits out. She rubs at her eyes with the back of hands.

“Well, talking about it is better than having sex with your sister’s friends while you pretend to be her.”

Ryuko groans and slumps forward, hands in her face, equal parts ashamed and embarrassed. “I didn’t--”

“What, didn’t mean to?” Mako asks. Ryuko just grunts her affirmation, still not showing her face. Carefully, so as not to startle her, Mako places her hand on the other woman’s back and rubs lightly until she feels Ryuko’s muscles slacken. “That’s another person you need to talk to.”

“Talking is stupid,” Ryuko mumbles into the couch cushions, sinking her weight and feeling her heart rate return to normal. Mako’s phone buzzes again, so she reaches over to check it. Ryuko doesn’t move.

“To be fair, Satsuki’s only really upset because she thinks you hate her,” Mako says, typing away at her screen. “It’s like she doesn’t know who she is anymore without the academy-- everyone is still afraid of her and she doesn’t know how to change that.”

Ryuko sits up, one eyebrow raised at Mako who isn’t paying attention as she speaks, still typing furiously.

“So then you show up dressed like her, looking exactly like her, acting like her, and everyone is laughing and being buddy-buddy with you, and she’s jealous,” Mako goes on, shrugging her shoulders. “Kind of. Maybe jealous isn’t the right word for it, but there’s definitely some amount of envy in there, Ryuko. She just wants friends the way you have friends.”

Ryuko leans back against the couch cushion amazed at both Mako’s ability to multitask conversations and her empathy for others.

“I mean, she’s got Ira, and Houka, and Nonon, and Uzu, even Iori, but it’s like even they’re scared of her. But I think she’s more afraid of them. Or maybe both. You know? Like, they’ve been friends but they’ve also been her subordinates? Not like us, we’ve always been friends. Why are you staring at me like that?”

“How do you know all these things?” Ryuko asks, dumbfounded.

“You might think talking is stupid, but don’t forget I have a way with words,” Mako grins, putting her hands above her head in her signature pose. Slowly, she lowers them. “And I pay attention. At least to the important things, though everyone has their own opinion about what’s important.”

Ryuko reaches over to ruffle Mako’s coconut head, chuckling slightly. Mako’s phone buzzes again and she looks down at it.

“Satsuki says you can come over tomorrow night.”

Ryuko scoffs. “You’re relaying messages from my sister to me?”

Mako holds up her hands with a grin, her phone in one palm, “What can I say, sometimes she writes important things on my hands!”

“Why can’t I go see her now,” Ryuko grumbles, her mood taking a dip once more. “Like, what’s the difference?”

“Just wait, Ryuko,” Mako sighs. “You’re in no condition to follow her around either.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Ryuko narrows her eyes and tilts her head.

“You know what I mean. Why don’t you make plans and talk to Nonon tomorrow?”

Ryuko leans back at the suggestion. “I don’t want to see that troll doll.”

Mako doesn’t say anything, just looks at Ryuko pointedly. Her phone buzzes again but this time Mako doesn’t break eye contact. Ryuko knows she’s mostly afraid of talking to Nonon because then she’d be speaking these feelings out loud, and speaking them out loud is like making them come into sinful fruition. But she likes Nonon on some level. She reasons that they both need explanations--they can trade their secrets, leverage for the both of them, peace offerings even.

After a significant amount of silence, Ryuko just slumps her shoulders.

“Fine,” she mutters, before taking her own phone out. Mako looks satisfied at her decision and goes back to tapping away furiously at her screen.

Ryuko plays with the ends of her long hair idly, while flipping her phone across her palm, trying to find her words. No amount of thinking will quell her uneasiness about talking to Nonon, but she might as well get it over with. She flips the strands over her shoulder before telling Nonon to meet her tomorrow morning.





# High Love and Emotion

## Chapter Summary

Two idiots have a weird conversation and try to be adults.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Fucking bougie ass café, who the hell does she think she is?” Nonon mutters, swinging the door open and lettering herself into the small, quaint coffee shop. She glances around and sees familiar slumped shoulders sitting at a table with equally familiar long, dark hair cascading down said shoulders. Nonon rolls her eyes at the sight, a little jarred but mostly annoyed. Of course she wouldn’t cut it.

She goes over to the counter, giving Ryuko a wave before ordering something sweet for herself. Glancing back, she catches Ryuko staring out at the street, a pensive, bored look on her face. The sight makes Nonon frown for a reason she can’t quite put into words yet. The barista hands her her drink and she walks over to the table just as a dog comes up to the window where Ryuko is sitting. She smiles and taps at the glass and the faint sound of the dog barking happily seeps into the café. Ryuko chuckles as she waves the mutt off with its owner.

“Hey troll,” she says, a smile tugging at her lips. She brings one hand up to her long hair, brushing it back and over her shoulder with a flick of her wrist. If she had a frown, she could be her sister, but she’s not.

“Don’t call me that,” Nonon responds, settling into her seat. Ryuko hums and rests her chin on her open palm. “You picked such a pretentious place.”

“I think it’s cute. What, you don’t like it?”

“This isn’t a date, Matoi.”

Ryuko shrugs and leans back into her chair, slightly slumped. She looks at her nails before lifting her mug and sipping her coffee. The action makes Nonon shudder. Maybe it’s because this is what Satsuki should look like, what Satsuki could be, that makes her flinch at almost everything Ryuko does with her hair down like this.

Years of building up an empire, an army, and then becoming a dictator—Nonon had always known that Satsuki was not as hard as she appeared to be, but now that they have somewhat normal lives, she’s starting to realize all of the good that’s been taken out of Satsuki. Perhaps “good” wasn’t the right word for it, but she remembers the reverent but cruel nickname they had given her. The Steel Queen. It wasn’t her fault. She was doing only what must be done.

And then Ryuko comes along and becomes the only reason for a smile to grace Satsuki's lips. It makes Nonon angry in ways that she knows is childish. She wanted to be the one to pull Satsuki out from the darkened, hardened façade that she had built for herself. She wanted to be the one to put a smile on Satsuki's face after everything was said and done. She wanted to be the one that could have been a source of light for her. Instead, it's her dumbass sister who fucks up everything she touches. Nonon slams her plastic cup on the table a little too hard, causing Ryuko to quirk an eyebrow at her.

"So," she starts. "We're here now. To talk. I guess we should talk."

"Can you tie up your hair? I know you're doing this on purpose," Nonon scowls. Ryuko opens her mouth to say something, but thinks better of it before taking the tie off of her wrist and putting her hair up, twisting it into a tight bun. It isn't much better, but the red streak is emphasized more and now Nonon doesn't feel like she's talking to some Satsuki from an alternate universe where her life didn't go to shit when they were five.

"It's not on purpose. I didn't cut it because I'm—"

"A fucking slacker," Nonon interrupts. Ryuko frowns, her lips twisting down. That look shouldn't be so familiar.

"Well, I was going to say lazy, but I guess it's the same thing. Are you going to be a bitch to me this entire time? Because I can leave and you can have your stupid talk with yourself, you crazy troll."

Nonon sighs. Maybe she should have taken Ryuko's suggestion and just not have gone through with the fucking, but she was drunk. She was drunk and Satsuki was almost right there. Ryuko was just a replacement. Right?

Nonon apologizes with a mutter, mumbling into her drink as she takes another sip.

"Oh, you're sorry? That's rich. You're kind of an asshole," Ryuko says.

"Stop being so abrasive."

"Stop thinking I'm my sister," Ryuko snaps. "Stop flinching every time I frown and quit telling me to put my hair up! I am not her."

"You're getting real butthurt for someone who willingly dressed up as somebody else and then practically demanded you be called another name," Nonon grinds out. "What's your fucking damage, Ryuko? You said this was going to be fine."

"It was fine! And then you wanted to have your dumbass talk. I'm right here! You look through me; you keep glancing at my shoulder or my hands or the stupid red life liber that's still stuck in my hair. You think I don't notice?"

The grinding of espresso beans startles the both of them out of their argument. Luckily, the few other patrons, save for the barista, has headphones in. Ryuko clenches her fist and

exhales loudly through her nose. This was the exact reason she wasn't inclined to have this conversation. They seethe at each other, silent, waiting for the grinder to quit.

Nonon rubs at her eyes, heels of her palms digging into her skull. She has a headache and she wonders if this is just a Pavlovian response to being around Ryuko. It's not too much of a surprise if it is, given the nature of their friendship. Or, to be fair, their lack of friendship.

"Maybe we should just start over," she says suddenly. "Like, try to be friends or whatever."

"We were never friends," Ryuko snorts.

"Exactly," Nonon replies, playing her straw. "We've never been friends so maybe that's where we should start."

Ryuko leans back in her seat and crosses her arms over chest, that familiar frown pulling the corners of her lips down. She tilts her head and glances out towards the street adjacent to the café. Nonon's never seen Ryuko so pensive, her brows screwed up in concentration--they falter for a second, and for the briefest of moments Nonon thinks Ryuko looks almost... hurt. And then she picks up her hand and waves the air around them, shooing away the feeling before opening her mouth to speak.

"Yea, yea, water under the bridge or whatever," she says. She turns to Nonon, a half-grin on her face. "Not like it meant anything, right?"

Nonon shrugs, truthfully. "How could it? We don't even know each other. I mean, aside from the biblical sense."

Ryuko chuckles and places her elbow on the table, resting her head on the palm of her hand. She taps at her cheek.

"So. Friends. Friends tell each other things," she says, leaning forward and looking at Nonon expectantly.

"What's there to tell?" Nonon scoffs. "The fact that I'm super into your sister? Please--you don't have to pretend that's a secret to save my feelings. Now, you on the other hand."

The grin on Ryuko's face turns into a grimace, the muscles in her back tightening. She doesn't alter her posture, but Nonon can just feel how tense she's gotten, the change in the air almost palpable. Nonon raises an eyebrow expectantly and Ryuko stalls by taking a last sip out of her mug.

"What about me?" she says, finally, casting her eyes down and to the left.

"You're such a bullshitter. But fine, as a new friend, I won't push it," Nonon relents, putting her hands up in front of her. She shakes her head. "You know, though, it's not that weird."

Ryuko sighs and catches sight of her watch before squirming in her seat. Nonon catches the glance and raises an eyebrow.

"What, did you fucking double dip?"

“You said this wasn’t a date,” Ryuko grins.

“Gross. I just can’t believe you scheduled meeting somebody else after me.”

Ryuko coughs. “Yea, well... I haven’t seen her in a while.”

“Oh,” Nonon starts. “Fine. Satsuki is the only person I relent my self-importance to.”

“I could be meeting Mako!”

“Yea right. Go, you gigantic moron. I can practically see you itching to leave.”

“Well,” Ryuko says, pausing. She shifts uncomfortably again. “Yes and no. It’s not like I’m particularly excited about the talk we’re supposed to have.”

“Do you always dread opening your mouth? You’re a child.” Ryuko frowns but Nonon presses on. “Practice your vocabulary or something, Jesus. You don’t have to punch your way to every conclusion.”

“Says the girl whose talent is verbal beheadings,” Ryuko snorts. She moves to pick up her mug and Nonon’s empty plastic cup.

“I’ll get something out of you eventually,” Nonon says, standing. “An agreement of friendship with a Neanderthal. I’ve grown soft.”

They both move towards the exit and Ryuko throws away their trash and sets her mug in the tray for dirty dishes. The door chimes as they step out onto the street.

“You know, you’re alright, Jakazure,” Ryuko says, stopping and looking down the street towards her bike.

“Yea, yea, I fucking know,” she responds in kind. She thrusts her hand out and Ryuko takes it, shaking firmly. “Don’t be too much of an idiot.”

“Thanks,” Ryuko says. As an after thought she adds, “Friend.”

“And cut your hair,” Nonon calls, walking away.

Ryuko snorts to herself before she lets her hair down and shoves her helmet atop her head. When she kickstarts her bike, the noise causes Nonon to pause and turn--she catches sight of Ryuko’s hair waving in the wind as she revs her way down the street.

## Chapter End Notes

I will finish this before I die, I swear.



Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!